

1968

IVY
LEAVES

Autumn

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VOL. V

AUTUMN, 1968

NO. 10

Editorial

It is difficult to say what poetry or prose is, because both poetry and prose are a combination of many things and both embody something new that must be considered on its own merit.

We have tried to give each work its own consideration based on our taste and our conception of the College Community's taste. In this way, **Ivy Leaves** strives to permit developing writers to see their work in print a swell as provide entertainment. Our size is limited, of course, but we welcome submitted material from students. For the reader, material you read so freely now may be more expensive when the writer has established himself.

m. d. c.

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ADVISOR

Miss Mildred King Bearden

Thanksgiving Day

The corn in the shuck is dried and brown,
The pumpkins are yellow as gold;
The leaves of trees come fluttering down,
And the branches look naked and cold.

Indian summer is almost gone,
And winter time very near;
The harvest has filled a plentiful horn
And Thanksgiving Day is here.

Billy Owens

The Answer

Who holds the canopy over the seasons?
Who knows the answers and all the reasons?
Who rolls the thunder with clap and clamor?
Who guides the battles with shield and armor?
Who nourishes seedlings within Mother Earth?
Who came as our Savior from Virgin birth?
Who rules as the God-Head, the Three-in-One?
Who is our Judge when life is done?
He is the Creator, our Master and King,
And our meek offerings we humbly bring.
He died on the cross to end our strife.
He is forgiving; give him your life.

Annette Suttles

Question

When this day, itself, is spent
To what good cause have I been lent?
Was it to better my own great wealth
Or possibly to aid the inflicted in health?
Will night bring rest and peace to me
Or from myself a time to flee?
And when this life on earth is past
Shall then my place with God be cast?

Alan Morehead



Never Again

(TO MY PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH)

When I was a small child, I thought that pears should grow in pairs. I also wondered why Dad said he was dressing a chicken when he was really undressing it. A little later I assumed that a bazaar was called that because the church bazaars I knew about certainly sold some bizarre items, such as a green tree trunk that was sold for an umbrella stand. As a high school freshman I confused obtuse and abstruse; maybe it almost made some sense when in geometry I referred to an obtuse angle as an abstruse angle. Incidentally, I've never seen an angle that I could honestly call "a cute angle." And why priceless and worthless should be opposite in meaning, I'll never know.

Of late, I have been most depressed by my failures with words that start within—. For example, I know that **insecure** means "not secure" and **incapable** means "not capable". But I get into trouble when I use **invaluable** to mean "not valuable." I've found that an infamous person is, in a way, famous, and I once read about a man who didn't live to realize his mistake when he struck a match beside a sign that read **Inflammable**.

I could include innumerable indications of my incomprehension of **in-**, but instead of indulging and incriminating myself, I shall conclude my tale here before you throw them—or me "outuendo".

By the way, since I've started college, you can bet these words will never confuse me again.

June Madden



The Entertainer

Standing in crowds, alone,
'Neath blinding, glaring lights,
His horn with starry future sewn,
"The Entertainer" plays all night.

With smoke-filled eyes—he dimly sees
His poptop world revolve
Until the dawn the night enfolds,
And sleep once more evolves.

Must he arise and play again
To collect his meager sum?
"The Entertainer" downs his gin,
For tomorrow may never come.

Ken Burger

To My Aging Lover

Come sit with me, alone, my love
For a spell before we die,
To briefly talk and know ourselves
And watch the sunset fly.

Mike Creswell

Save It For Me

Look up from the grave
Through soil-stained eyes,
Where a soul unsaved
Now silently lies.

Speak to the grass
With gravel choked lips;
Drink of the rain
In motionless sips.

Listen to the wind
With ears that don't hear;
Call out about truths
That now seem so clear.

Tell of what was,
What is, and what will be;
Shout to the passer,
Hoping he'll see.

Then cry your dry tears
And weep all alone,
For your warnings and fears
Are buried and gone.

For yours is my future
From which I can't hide;
So save all your stories
Till I'm laid by your side.

Ken Burger

For Love of Country

I fed you;
I clothed you;
Now, you see me cry.

I loved you;
I nursed you;
Now, I send you to die.

For I am your mother,
And you are my son—
But this is your country, and there's a job to be done!
Janice Williams

The Gift

The attack that morning had been the worst one in weeks. Bodies of both Americans and Japanese littered the area. On his way to the commander's office, Brad Whitney, a young recruit, carefully stepped around those that the troops had not yet buried.

"Whitney!" the commander bellowed.

"Yes Sir," replied the boy, standing at attention.

"Whitney, tonight you are ordered to guard three prisoners in the make-shift jail at the edge of the village. Tomorrow morning you will dispose of them and report back to me. Is that clear?"

"Yes Sir," said Whitney, before turning to leave.

The jail was merely a hut with a dirt floor and walls that had been reinforced. After relieving the guard, Whitney stole over to the only window in the hut and stared into the dimly lit room.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed; for, huddled in the corner of the hut, were three women. Two of them were old; their tired grey eyes were sunk into their wrinkled and leathery faces. The other prisoner was a young girl. Dark hair enclosed her face, and her wild, bright eyes seemed to glow in the semi-darkness of the hut.

Whitney gazed at the old women; their eyes held him speechless. He remembered the sad eyes of his mother, when he had said good-bye a year ago.

In the young girl he saw not the face of a prisoner, but the face Ellen, the girl he had married three weeks before he left for the war. Turning abruptly he walked to the front of the hut, stopped and looked out into the darkness trying to forget what he had seen and felt. He had not been there long when he saw someone approaching. As the soldier came nearer, Whitney recognized the face of Ben McCowan, an old man who claimed to have been in the army since its beginning.

"Ben?" Whitney called.

"Yeah, kid, it's me. I'm just bringing you some supper, so you won't starve. Mind if I sit a spell before I go back?"

"Of course not," Whitney replied. "Maybe you can keep me from thinking about what I have to do in the morning."

"Oh, yeah," Ben said as he glanced toward the hut. "You've got to kill those prisoners."

"Ben, I don't know if I can do it. Did you know that the prisoners were women?"

"Yes, that's what I heard. If they kill Americans, it doesn't matter who they are. They are all the same."

"But Ben, war is for men, not women. Anyway, those women look harmless to me."

"At first, killing women prisoners bothered me too, but I got used to it. You'd be surprised—the ones who look the most innocent are the ones who are the most vicious killers."

"I can't believe that, Ben."

"Well, kid," Ben said as he rose to leave, "you'll get used to it. Take my advice. You can't be the judge; just obey the orders."

After Ben disappeared into the darkness, Whitney sat and thought about all that he had said. Then, rising silently, he unlocked the door of the hut.

"Come on, you fools! Move. Get out of here while it is still dark."

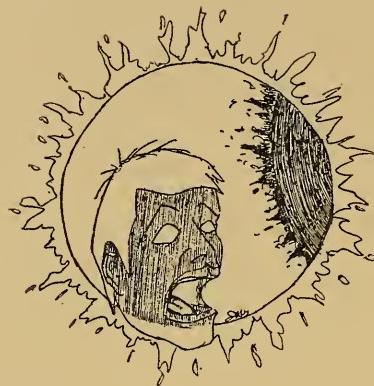
The women, not certain of what was happening, moved slowly out of the hut and into the darkness. Whitney turned and gazed in the direction of the village, wondering what he would say to explain his actions. With his back turned to the prisoners, he did not see one of the old women slip a knife from her blouse. He only felt the burning pain in his back and saw the ground come rushing towards him.

Dianne Kellett

Money Will Buy . . .

A bed but not sleep,
Books but not brains,
Food but not an appetite,
Finery but not beauty,
A house but not a home,
Medicine but not health,
Amusement but not happiness,
A church, but not a Saviour. . .

Sonny Smith



The Sands

Waves of sand and crests of heat
Meet in merger to defeat
My figure on this barren land,
Where everything is born of sand.

Thrusts of life from in my chest
Won't let my battered body rest,
Groping for a helping hand,
Leaping, grabbing dry hot sand.

Limp my body lies at last;
Thrusts of life now are past.
Covering me as none other can,
Comes the whistling desert sand.

John Boozer

The Key To My Heart

Into a lock there fits a key—
The key that you hold in your hand.
The sound of your key is life for me;
Nothing else I care to understand!

It's a joy to know that as we part
You carry the key that holds my heart.
Oh, my favorite, wonderful time of the day
Is the time your key fits my lock in
the same familiar way.

Sallie Patrick



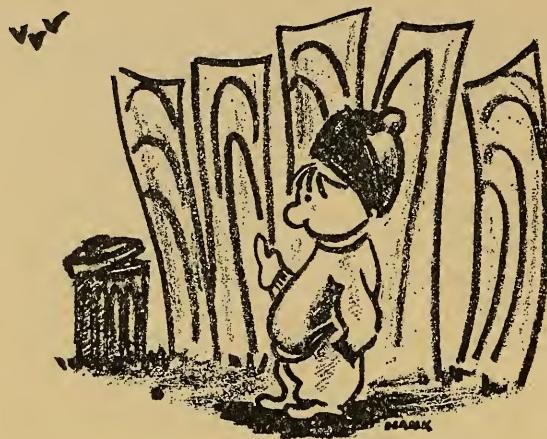
A Voice In The Wind

They are lighting lamps in the valley,
Lamps for young Mary Lee;
And bells will ring in the valley,
But bells will not ring for me.
Long did I wait this furlough
To hold her again in my arms;
Long did I dream of this evening
When I would again claim her charm.

There are music and dancing resplendent
In the big house on the hill;
There's a gown of creamy white satin
That gives the young maidens a thrill;
And the lights burn bright through the night time
While couples each walk hand in hand
In the garden beneath the magnolias,
While there in the shadows I stand.

Now bells are quiet in the valley;
The lamps are replaced by the sun.
Gone are the music and dancing;
The dawn brought an end to the fun.
My train is fast speeding westward;
The furlough has come to an end.
But what is love to a soldier
But a sad, sweet voice in the wind?

David M. Dawkins



Crawling On Blake's Lamb

Little Bug upon my rug,
Dost thou know who makest bugs?
Gave thee life and legs to crawl,
Upon my pantry and my wall;
Gave thee wings so short and sharp,
To play just like two little harps?
Little Bug beside my purse,
Dost thou know of Universe?
Would that I could talk to thee,
Or at very least for thee to me,
But since you crawled upon my bread,
In spite of all the things I've said,
Little Bug, God bless thee,
Little Bug, God bless thee . . .

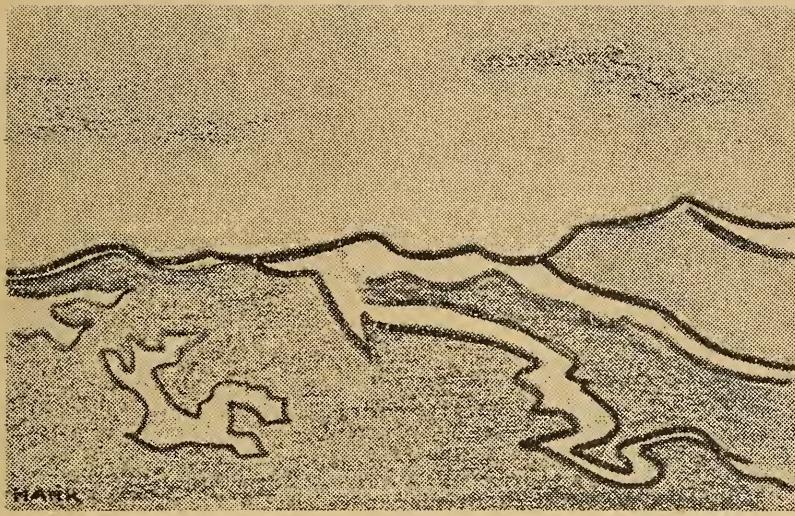
SQUASH!!

Mike Creswell

On Growing Old

The seasons are changing;
The leaves are turning gold;
The time is fleeting;
And we are growing old.

Mary Matthews



Sea Thoughts

When the cool, blue air blows against
the white pillow'd clouds, so very gently,
The green, the red, the yellow sea
must fall upon the washing sands.
When the oat grass on the dunes
stirs, and the conch talks,
telling of the breaking wave,
and the tide comes in, then slips,
with the day, slowly away,
I see until the mist upon
the coast curves my sight.
Then the horizon ahead checks the same.
What lies within these boundaries is my sea.

Hank Richardson

A Satire On Love

Oh, love, with your fire burning bright
With hope and dreams of delight,
May your arrows fly straight
And rush me a date!

Peggy Kee

Sacrifice Supreme

His once sparkling eyes were set in skin now white. His face lay partially in the dirty water of the country. One fist was clenched in determination and strength; the other reached hopelessly for help. His heart came slowly to a halt as his last breath escaped, and, all too soon, life ended for the young man. A rifle lay by his side; his helmet rolled down an embankment.

In his chest pocket were a picture of Jenny, his girl back home, and his latest letter from mom. The air was full of thick heat and the constant sound of firing guns. All too suddenly the bullet had ripped into his body not giving him a chance for revenge.

Back home Mom rocks on the front porch, her head thrown back on the chair as she thinks and talks of her son, and waits hoping for the mail to bring her a note from him—something, anything, to encourage her.

Around the corner Jenny is lying on the bed listening to her and her lover's favorite album and dreaming of his return.

A bicycle comes up the walk to Mom. The boy riding it has a telegram—that terrible telegram the contents of which are known even before it is opened.

Mom faints in grief; Jenny screams in pain. Others weep.

Death has come to another soldier and brought sorrow to those who loved him so dearly.

What were his last thoughts? Who knows? He was far away from home, and the only sounds he heard were those of war. And yet, despite all this, his heart was filled with undying love for his family and friends and, most of all, for his country—his home, that for which he has now given his precious life.

Edith J. LeRoy

A Dirge For Hope and Love

The heat of yesterday's fire
warmed our world against the gusty blast
of yesterday's cold wind.

Yesterday's fire spread the light
of love throughout yesterday's dark
and gloomy pitch.

Yesterday's fire cheered and satisfied
yesterday's spirit.

Now, yesterday is a memory;
The ashes have been removed.
The fire is gone.
The embers are warm and are slowly fighting
to rekindle a flame. .

The fire is gone. .
but the wind hasn't. .
the darkness hasn't. .
the sadness hasn't. .
the gloom hasn't. .

The fire is gone.

Jim Taylor

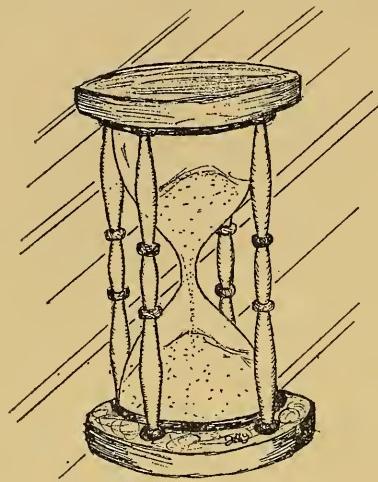
Modern Apostasy

A tribute to the fools that die
To prove that I am wrong.
Though fathers curse and mothers cry,
I'll shout my battle song.

Weep no more, beloved ones,
For time has set my way.
Too many broken, battered sons
Are living death each day.

Pray not for my lost soul I say;
My innocence has left.
I'll live my life to best each day,
Until my goal—my death.

Ken Burger



Time

Slow, slow, sweet time,
Though there is no hope
 to hold you still,
Don't let me wander
 wasting you
Slow, slow, sweet time.

Sandra Prater

Silence

For a moment the guns were silent.
The boy had time to remember
Mom, dad, and sis at home;
His girl with golden hair;
 The faithful dog.

The guns are silent once more;
Quiet engulfs the fields.
The trees and earth are the same;
But the boy does not remember.
 Death is greedy.

Elise Putman

Road's End

Still do they rise in early morn
To greet the rising sun,
The gray-haired side-porch farmer men
Whose lives are nearly run.
With hats in hand they walk the fields
And trample down the dew,
To think if they were younger,
Oh, Lord—what they could do.
But somewhere in their misty minds
They're just afraid to look;
For thoughts are turned toward Heaven
And a great big shinning book.

Mike Creswell

Contentment

They walk on moonlit shores,
Silence prevailing,
And wait earnestly
For the day's unveiling.

Ann Skidmore

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